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"Every new crevasse in the Southern river banks is a new appeal for preservation of the forests," maintains the New York Tribune.

Professor Taylor, of the Louisiana A. and M. College, hits the nail on the head when he says, there is no situation in which the American workman makes so unsatisfactory an appearance as when he is endeavoring to do the least possible amount of labor which is to account as a day's work on the highway of his district.

Caterpillars are doing great damage to trees and shrubs in some parts of western New York. The entomologists of Cornell University say that they are hatched from eggs that were deposited on the trees last July, and that the eggs were covered with a sort of varnish to protect them from the snow and rain. They are called "tent caterpillars," and after hatching out they weave for themselves a kind of tent. After attaining their growth they form cocoons, and about the first of July develop into moths.

In his address at the unveiling of the bust of Sir Walter Scott in Westminster Abbey John Hay, the United States Ambassador to Great Britain, told how he had heard from his father, a Kentucky pioneer, that, in the early days of the century, men would saddle their horses and ride fron all the neighboring counties to the principa post-town of that region when a new novel by the author of "Waverley" was expected. Through the important formative days of the Republic, he said, Scott was the favorite author of the Americans.

"A few days ago," says the Railway Review, "a man walked into the Chicago office of the Canadian Pacific and handed Ticket Agent C. L. Williams a $5 note. He said that he had ridden over a stretch of the Canadian Pacific a few years ago without paying for the ride, and his conscience had been troubling him. He refused to give his name or address, but told Mr. Williams that $5 would cover his indebtedness to the railroad." The man in whose heart of hearts there dwells an upbraiding conscience and the memory of a ride that was never paid for is said to be an intermittent but familiar correspondent of all railways.

The American Agriculturist says: The German farmers are prosecuting with energy their fight against the grain exchanges which deal in "futures." Obliged to abandon former open trading of this character, a coterie of Berlin grain merchants has been meeting in the capacity of a club, pursuing their old methods. The law has followed them, however, and the matter will now be appealed to the highest court in the empire. The final decision will prove interesting in view of the strong sentiment not only among the agricultural classes of Germany, but in England and United States as well, against this form of speculative trading.

A Louisville gentleman, who has attained the ripe age of eighty-nine years, and is still hale and hearty, attributes his longevity to exercise at quoit pitching for two hours every day. The game of quoits is an ancient and honorable one, and the gentle exertion it requires is unquestionably beneficial to health, but this recipe for attaining long life is no better than thousands of others. Exercise, prudence in diet and regular habits unquestionably do much to prolong life, but instances of extreme and vigorous old age cannot be attributed to any of these. Men live long and retain their faculties to exceptional years mainly because they have been favored by nature with extraordinary constitutions. Physical powers can be conserved, but the lack of inherent vitality can no more be made up for than the man of ordinary muscular development can become a Sandow.

COMMON SENSE.

Of all the gifts this side of heaven
That ever were to mortals given,
The best to have, the worst to miss,
The truest, sweetest source of bliss,—
The one rail left of Eden's fence,—
Stands the pure charm of common sense.

To earn our right to "daily bread,"
To not regret when time is fled,
To wisely speak and act and think,
To keep life's boat from ruin's brink,
To balance every hour's expense—
We need the aid of common sense.

Sometimes, no doubt, we need to view,
The lightning bolts some genius threw;
But now we need, well mixed and stirred,
With silent thought or spoken word,—
A sort of human fool's defense—
The wholesome aid of common sense.

Some things, perhaps, must still be taught,
Where mighty minds their power in-
wrought;
But how to guard the priceless wealth
Of peace and love, of youthful health,
And how to keep our own few pence,
Is taught alone by common sense.

We pray for faith, and light, and peace,—
For sin's remove, and love's increase,
For strength to meet the tempter's power,
For dying race, for dying hour,—
But now, right in the present tense,
Give us, O Lord! good common sense.

To keep from useless jar and strife,
And bless the changing path of life
To make each fountain purer still,
To take from loss its fatal chill,
And bring thy own sweet recompense,
We bow to thee, blest common sense.

—O. S. Rice, in Boston Transcript.

A LITTLE COMEDY.

BY W. R. ROSE.

ROGER Tinsley, Helen, his daughter, Herbert Torrance and Mary, who is only suggested.

The gray haired man at the desk looks up from the mass of papers before him and turns toward the door. His quick ear has detected the swish of skirts in the passageway. There is but one visitor who is permitted to thus invade his private room unannounced. The door swings in and a young woman enters.

"Ah, Helen," says the gray haired man. "This is an early visit!"

The young woman runs her hand caressingly across his scattered locks and stooping, kisses him lightly on the forehead.

"Just as glad to see me, aren't you, papa?" she cries.

She is a very beautiful young woman and most bewitchingly gowned and booted and hatted, but there is an expression of discontent on her well bred face that is not pleasant to see.

"And what is the price of this queenly favor?" inquires the gray haired man as he leans back in his chair and looks quizzically at his visitor.

She grows grave in a moment and regards him with a troubled gaze.

"There, there," he says. "Don't worry yourself over it. Speak up. What shall it be? A bracelet, a coupe, a necklace?"

"Papa," she says, "you think I'm a dreadfully selfish little beast, don't you? I am, I know I am. I've just been a nuisance and a bother to you ever since—ever since mamma died. Don't contradict me. Everybody knows it. I'm just a selfish, money spending, proud, little—little pig."

The gray haired man takes the daintily gloved hand that rests upon his desk.

"Why, Helen," he says, "what's this? What's gone wrong? Have I ever denied you anything?"

"No, no, papa," she half sobs. "You've been much too good to me. You've spoiled me."

"Dear me, child," he slowly murmurs, "how much you are like your dear mother." He turns his head a little away and puts his hand over his eyes.

"There, there, papa," cries the young woman, and her soft cheek rests against the gray hair. "I didn't mean to distress you. There, there! I am going to make you pay for this visit—oh, such a price! But not now. No, not just now. Cousin Mary is waiting for me in the carriage, and—and, after awhile I will come back and tell you what it is. You are good natured now, aren't you, dear? Say that you are good natured."

He smiles and nods like a nodding mandarin, and she kisses him again and darts to the door.

"There!" she breathlessly cries as she pauses on the threshold. "Just hold that expression, sir, if you please. I'll be back in such a little while, dear daddy." And the door closes and she whisks through.

The gray haired man sighs.

"She grows more like her dead mother every day," he says. "But, heavens, how thoroughly she is spoiled—twenty-three years old, a finished coquette, a creature of the wildest and most extravagant whims. And yet she has a heart and a warm place in it, too, for her doting old father. I wonder what came over her this morning. I never saw her quite so hysterical. If she would marry—but no, she appears to despise every man she meets. She flirts with them and throws them aside like cast-off gloves. What a load it would be off my mind if she would find some honest, ambitious young fellow who suited her wayward fancy. But, no. She turns from them all, and hanged if I blame her. They are a precious poor lot."

He pauses as the door swings open and a boy enters with a card.

"In five minutes send the gentleman in," the gray haired father says, and the boy withdraws.

"Herbert Torrance," reads the gray haired man. "A fine young fellow, straightforward, honest, true. I half wish he was in society. No, I don't; it would spoil him. Wonder what he wants with me."

He busies himself with his papers for a moment or two, and then the door swings open and a well knit young fellow with keen gray eyes enters.

"Ah, Torrance," says the gray haired man, "have a chair. What can I do for you?"

"Thank you, Mr. Tinsley," says the young man, and he draws a chair close to the desk. He seats himself with an embarrassed air.

"Nothing wrong with the brokerage business, I hope?" says the old man, kindly.

"No, sir. The business exceeds my expectations," replies the young man. "And yet I could wish it were fifty times its present proportions."

"That's a rather ambitious wish, my boy," says the older man. "Why this display of grasping greed?"

"Because, sir, it might win me a more favorable consideration at your hands."

"And why are you so anxious to win my favorable consideration?"

The young man hesitates.

"You are the man, sir," he slowly answers, "whose good will I value above all others. If I had wealth and position I might approach you in a far different spirit; but, as I have neither, I"—

"Tut, tut, my boy," says the older man. "Never mind what you haven't got. What do you want? By Jove, you are the second person who has hinted at some mysterious favor within the past half hour." And he smiles at the recollection.

"What I want," says the young man hurriedly, "is an inestimable treasure. It is yours to give or refuse. I feel my own unworthiness, sir, yet I boldly ask this gift at your hands. I—I hope you understand me, sir?"

"I think I do," says the older man, kindly. "But really I didn't know that you had ever met."

"It—it wasn't right, sir," says the young man, hurriedly. "I met her first at the seashore quite by accident—there was a little accident, in fact, but she said she wouldn't distress you about it. And our acquaintance rapidly ripened. When she came back to town, I met her at various places, sometimes quite by accident and later on by—by appointment. It wasn't right, sir, but I—I was very deeply in love."

"The little minx!" cries the older man. "Why, she never breathed a word of this."

"So she told me, sir, and that—and that makes my present task all the harder."

"Well, never mind that. You are not her dearest friend—and yet I suppose you think you are. Come, are you sure she loves you?"

"I have her word for it, sir. She sent me to you."

"Well, well, and so quiet and demure."

"Wh-what did you say, sir?"

"I say, why didn't Helen tell me?"

"Because she wanted to keep it a secret."

"And she was in it too?"

"Sir?"

"Well, well, she is a good girl and you must make her happy."

The two men shake hands solemnly, the younger man's face beaming with delight. Then Mr. Tinsley rises and goes to the safe that stands in a corner. From it he take a large envelope.

"She'll not come to you exactly empty-handed, Torrance," he says as he looks the contents of the envelope over. "I've put aside from time to time certain securities for her, and I see that they now amount to something like $20,000. Of course when I leave there'll be more."

He puts the envelope in the safe and comes back to his desk.

"She is a very good girl," he continues, "a sweet tempered, dutiful girl. Really, I couldn't think more of her if she were my own child."

"Not your own child?" gasps the young man.

"Certainly not. She is my brother Edward's daughter. When her parents died ten years ago I took charge of her. I've brought her up like a daughter, but she is my niece. You look surprised."

"I am," replied the young man. "I—I thought she was your daughter."

"She didn't tell you so, did she?"

"Why I—I think she led me to believe that such was the case."

"Astonishing! And you've been courting her all this time in the belief that she was my daughter. Perhaps—but, no, I won't say it. I believe you are an honorable man. You surely wouldn't wreck her happiness for the sake of the paltry dollars. No, no. I'll—I'll add to that $20,000."

"Sir," says the young man, his face all aflame, "I would marry your—your niece if she didn't have a dollar."

"Spoken like a man," cries the old gentleman. "I'll double that $20,000."

The young man stirs uneasily in his chair.

"Wait," says the old man. "I can't understand about this little piece of deception. It isn't a bit like Mary."

"You mean Helen," says the younger man.

"No, Mary."

"Helen."

"Mary."

The young man pushes back his chair a little.

"She—she never told me her name was Mary," he gasps.

"Who never told you?"

"Helen."

The older man leans back in his chair and shakes his forefinger at Robert Torrance.

"Will you kindly tell me what Helen has to do with this muddle?" he asks.

"You mean Mary."

"No, Helen."

The young man rises and takes his hat.

"Mr. Tinsley," he says. "I came here to ask the hand of your daughter, and you tell me she is your niece. You even insist that her name is something else. I—I don't know what to think, sir. I have fear I've"—his voice trembles, and he stops.

"Hark," murmurs the older man.

A voice comes to them from the passageway—a sweet and timid voice.

"Oh, is he engaged. Then I'll wait."

"That—that's her voice," cries Herbert.

"Not—not Mary's voice," gasps the older man.

"No, no, Helen's voice."

The gray haired head drops back against the cushion.

"Helen!" he cries. "Good Lord!"

He stares at the young man as if fascinated.

"And Helen loves you?" he gasps.

"She says so," replies Herbert.

"But she threw over an earl!"

"But she didn't love him," says Herbert.

"And I thought all the time it was Mary," murmurs the old man.

"I don't know any Mary," says Herbert.

Mr. Tinsley rises and walks toward the door. As he passes Herbert he taps him lightly on the shoulder. A smile breaks across his face.

"Not a word about the $20,000," he whispered.

"Come in, dear," he calls at the doorway.

And Helen enters with much rustling of skirts and a charming blush. She nods shyly to Herbert and puts her arm around her father's neck.

"You know now the price you have to pay?" she murmurs.

"Yes, my dear."

"And I—I can have what I want?"

"Yes, my dear."

She kisses him gently and he stretches out his disengaged hand to the young man.

"You and Herbert must be very good friends," laughed Helen. "He has some excellent qualities. He saved my life last summer."

"You didn't tell me that," says the older man as he looks reproachfully at Herbert.

"I had something much more important on my mind," murmurs the latter.

"There, there," cries Helen, "that wasn't a bit pretty." Then she adds: "Now you must all come to the window. Somebody is out there who knows about Herbert and who is just dying to hear the news."

They follow her to the window. In a carriage drawn up at the curb a gentle-faced girl is sitting. To her Helen smiles and pantomimes, and points to Herbert and to her father with many pretty nods. And the gentle-faced girl smiles and nods back again.

The older man nudges the younger.

"That's Mary," he whispers.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Danger in the Third Rail.

One day recently, says the Hartford (Conn.) Courant, an Italian section man, employed on the Berlin electric branch track, happened to hit the third rail with his iron bar, and as a result of the electric shock he was thrown a distance of several feet and rendered unconscious. His fellow-workmen hurried to his side, lifted him up, and took him to his boarding house. It was several hours before he regained consciousness. He has not been able to resume work, complaining of severe pains through his hips and back. The bar which he was carrying and which came in contact with the electric rail retained a perpendicular position, and for a time no one dared touch it. Finally one of the men, who had rubber gloves on, removed it.

The Vice-President's Lunch.

An apple or two is all the luncheon that Vice-President Hobart eats, so that he does not go down to the restaurant at all, and, unless he is called out of the chamber to see some important visitor in his own office back of the Senate, he sits in the chair from the chaplain's prayer at noon until whatever time adjournment comes.

THE PESSIMIST.

He climbed a peak all wrapt in snow,
And looked not at the view below.

To seek his treasure did he roam,
And left it all the while at home.

Before the swine his pearls he strewed,
Then cursed their base ingratitude.

He carefully shut out the light,
Then cried: "The world is dark as night;"

"And all," he said, when this was done,
"Is vanity beneath the sun!"
—Norley Chester, in London Literary World.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The Tramp's Motto—"Wot are yer givin' us?"—Puck.

The European concert has given a very expensive performance.—Puck.

Ethel—"Do you believe in palmistry?" Mabel—"Oh, it's all right for a starter, if the fellow's shy."—Harper's Bazar.

She—"Do you belong to a cycling club, or are you unattached?" He—"Neither. I'm married."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Has the unpardonable sin ever been discovered?" "Yes; it is the act of sprinkling tacks on a bicycle path."—Philadelphia North American.

"An allowance is something like a bicycle." "How so?" "A man can put his wife on it but he cannot make her stay on it."—Chicago Record.

Cholly (splashing about in the briny)—"Oh, girls, I love the ocean! It does me good." Miss Pert—"Yes, and the salter the better."—Truth.

His wife—cleverest of dears!
She's held on to her cough for years;
For well she knows at health's behest
He'll take her east or south or west.
—Chicago Record.

"It looks fresh." "Are you talking about me, sir?" "Certainly not. I am talking about the paint on the bench you are sitting on."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Gibbs at last has got his wife to buy a wheel." "How did he manage it?" "Had somebody start a report that he didn't want her to ride."—Chicago Record.

Snooper—"I noticed you took no part in the debate as to the best make of bicycle." Swayback—"My physician has warned me to avoid all excitement."—Life.

Counsel (investigating client's story)—"Now, you must keep nothing from me." Client—"I haven't. I paid you every cent I had in the world for your retainer."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Jennie—"How did you enjoy your trip across the ocean?" Clara—"Immensely. Of course, there was nothing to see but sky and water, but the landscape was sublime."—Judge.

War News—"Goodness, Jimmy, what's the matter with your cheek—and where did you get that black eye?" "Me an' Sammy Dix has bin havin' a pound party!"—Detroit Free Press.

"There was a strange man here to see you to-day, papa," said little Ethel, as she ran to meet her father in the hall. "Did he have a bill?" "No, papa. He had just a plain nose."—Household Words.

"Yes," said the young man just out of college, "I am willing to do anything to make a living—that is, of course," he added, "in any position that brings in at least $2500 salary."—Somerville Journal.

"First Villager—"There is no telling how a boy will turn out." Second Villager—"No; but since we got the curfew law we have the satisfaction of knowing when he will turn in."—Indianapolis Journal.

Dawkins—"If you had all the money, Bill, you could possibly ever desire, what would you do with it?" Kilsam—"Do with it? Why I'd invest it somewhere where it would double itself."—Boston Transcript.

"How did the manager get all those women out of the burning building so quickly?" "He went on the stage and announced that a man down at the entrance was giving away samples of baking powder."—Puck.

Key to the Mediterranean.

The fortress Gibraltar is in many ways the most remarkable place of its kind in the world. The height of the rock is over 1400 feet and this stupendous precipice is pierced by miles of galleries in the solid stone portholes for cannon placed at frequent intervals. The rock is absolutely impregnable to the shot of the enemy, and, by means of the great elevation, a plunging fire can be directed from an enormous height on a hostile fleet. A garrison of from 5000 to 10,000 men is constantly maintained, with provisions and ammunition for a six-months' siege. In 1779 the celebrated siege lasted three years, the fortress being successfully defended by 7000 English, while being attacked by an army of over 40,000 men; 1000 pieces of artillery, forty-seven sail, ten great floating batteries and a large number of small boats composed the attacking force. For months over 6000 shells were thrown into the tower every day.

Writing for Over Sixty Years.

Dr. James Martineau, who the other day celebrated his ninety-second birthday, is one of the very few remaining authors whose literary activity dates from the beginning of the Victorian reign. Dr. Martineau published his first book, "The Rationale of Religious Inquiry," in 1837.